The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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BROADSTAIRS:

YORK GATE.

Kent is, in many respects, the most interesting county of England. It is so rich in memorials of our early history, that each of its numerous parishes abounds with records of the genius and greatness of its inhabitants, who have contributed largely to the glories of our country in past ages. Loyalty has, for many centuries, been proudly inscribed upon the banner of "the men of Kent;" an honourable distinction, which they have not lost in the progress of time.

Probably, no portion of the county yields in antiquarian associations to its north-east angle, the Isle of Thanet. True it is, that scarcely any ancient families are now resident in the Isle, most of their estates having been alienated by different means, and their seats converted into farmhouses. A change has likewise taken place in the habits and pursuits of the inhabitants, generally; though they still maintain their sterling character. In Camden's time, about two centuries and a half since, agriculture and seafaring pursuits were, in the Isle of Thanet, mostly united in the same persons. His words are: "Nor must I here forget what redounds to the especial praise of the inhabitants, particularly of those who live near the ports of Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs. They are excessively industrious, getting their living, like amphibious animals, both by sea and land; making the most of both elements, being both fishermen and ploughmen, farmers and sailors: the same persons that guide the plough in the field, steering the helm at sea. In the different seasons of the

year, they make nets, catch cod, herrings, mackerel, and other fish; make trading voyages, manure their land, plough, sow, harrow, reap, and store their corn, expert in both professions, and so carrying on the round of labour."

In later times, the northern and eastern sides of the Isle* have become celebrated for their bathing-places. Of these we shall, at present only notice the village of Broadstairs, two miles from Margate, nearly the same distance from Ramsgate, and a mile and a half southward from the North Foreland Lighthouse. "It was anciently called Bradstow, and was inhabited only by fishermen, for the safety of whose craft a small, wooden pier is stated to have been built about the time of Henry the Eighth, most probably by the Culmer family, who fortified the gate or way leading down to the sea-shore, by an arched portal, defended by a porteullis and strong gates. This was done to prevent the inhabitants being plundered by the sudden incursions of privateers. The arch, which is called *York Gate*, still remains; it having been repaired, in the year 1795, by Sir John Henniker, Bart.† In Queen Elizabeth's time, by two indentures, dated in 1564 and 1586, the Culmers granted the Pier, and the way leading to it, under certain conditions, to the inhabitants and parishioners, to hold for ever, "for the good of the commonwealth:" through the dues, however, becoming insufficient to keep the Pier and Harbour in repair, and particularly after the great damage they received from tempests in the years 1763 and 1767, an Act of Parliament was passed in the year 1792, for repairing or rebuilding the Pier; and in 1805, another Act was obtained for amending the former. Under these Acts, the improvements of the Pier and Harbour were slowly carried on; yet they were still very far from completion, when the tremendous gale of the 14th and 15th of January, 1808, (which destroyed the Pier at Margate,) reduced also this haven to a state of ruin."‡ The provisions of the Acts have not been since carried into effect.

At a short distance from the Pier are the remains of a small chapel, (now converted into a dwelling-house,) which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and in which was the image of the Virgin, called Our Lady of Broadstairs: this, says Lewis, (the historian of the Isle,) was "held in so great veneration, that the ships as they sailed by this place used to lower their top-sails to salute it."

Broadstairs is a hamlet to the parish of St. Peter, the church being about a mile distant, on an elevated spot. It is of Anglo-Norman and pointed architecture; and is rich in large tombs and sepulchral memorials. It has an embattled tower of flint, on the east and west sides of which are two considerable rents or fissures, reaching from the top nearly to the bottom, which were occasioned by the shock of an earthquake on April 6, 1580. A chapel was erected at Broadstairs in 1828, the minister's stipend being derived from the rents of the seats.

From the elevated situation of Broadstairs, its sea-prospects are extensive; they include a fine view of the Downs and Coast of France. The cliffs are bold and commanding, and, according to Lewis, "after a great deal of rain or frost, which has occasioned a fall of the cliff, many brass coins, &c., of Roman emperors" have been found at different times. This induced him to suppose that the Romans might have had a station here, "if any where in this Isle:" the land, however, presents no appearance of that ever having been the case. On one part is a small fort, with a singe gun, intended more for the purpose of alarm than defence; and below the cliffs is a detached portion, which has been left standing by the sea, and is called the Perforated Rock.

Since the great resort of visiters to this coast within the last fifty years, Broadstairs has been considerably extended; and it now presents to visiters the accommodations of a fashionable bathing-place. But it retains much of its original tranquillity and seclusion, so as to be frequented by quiet and genteel families, who here enjoy, unmolested by fashion, the refreshing sea-breeze and excellent bathing which this coast affords. It is, indeed, a kind of little, marine *urbs in rure*.

* Thanet is separated from the main land of Kent by the river Stour on the southern side, and on the western side by the smaller stream called the Nethergong; its northern and eastern sides are bounded by the ocean.

† Above the arch is inscribed: "York Gate, built by George Culmer, A.D. 1540; repaired by Sir John Henniker, Bart, 1795."

‡ Brayley's Thanet and the Cinque Ports, vol. i, p. 95.

THE MINSTREL.

"That strain again—it had a dying fall!"
Twelfth Night.

WAKE, minstrel! wake thy thrilling song,
And sweep again the golden wire;
I would the feeling yet prolong,
That lives along thy lyre:
And wake again the pensive thought,—
The buried dreams of former years;
The memory that low cadence brought,
Melted my soul to tears.

For in that sweet and mournful strain,
"I heard the voice of other days;"
And long-past visions once again
Revisited my gaze:
They came in all the beauty drest,—
That youth's fresh charm shed round them—
Of years the brightest and the best,
Ere pining care had found them;—
Before the flowers began to fade,
Or shadows dimm'd the sky,
When Hope her flowery garland made,
And swift the hours fled by.

Yet why recall what ne'er returns,
And never more can be?—
From the bright picture, Fancy turns
To cold reality.

For memories rise that dim the eyes,
And voices that are hush'd for ever!
The fairest flower the soonest dies—
From brightest joys we soonest sever!
But, minstrel! let me hear once more
Thy gentle, melancholy measure;
And trace again those visons o'er—
A sadly soothing pleasure!

The shades of eve are lengthening fast,
But memory's spots are fresh and green;
And ere they glide for ever past,
I love to think that such have been.
Oh! softly o'er my senses stole
The moonlight magic of thy strain,
And back the clouds of memory roll—
Wake, minstrel, wake thy lyre again!

ANNE R.

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LONDON ARCHITECTURE.

(To the Editor.)

As the paragraph from *Blackwood's Magazine*, upon London architecture, quoted in No. 792 of the *Mirror*, p. 128, seems to require some comment, when inserted in a periodical published hardly more than a street's length from one of the buildings alluded to, the National Gallery, where workmen might, a few days since, have been seen *chiselling* solid stone columns of the portico; perhaps you will oblige me by inserting also this statement, in correction. The public buildings of London erected of late years,—take for example the New Post Office, Goldsmiths' Hall, the new portion of the British Museum, the National Gallery, Fishmongers' Hall, &c.,—have almost constantly had, as every person who has paid any attention to them in progress must have observed, their columns, cornices, and other architectural decorations on the exteriors, wrought in solid Portland, Bath, or other freestone, except where granite has been used, as in Waterloo and London Bridges; and where the plain surfaces of the brick walls have been concealed or faced over on the outside, it has been generally done by "ashlering" them, as it is technically termed, with thin blocks or slabs of the same stone, set up on their edges one over another, and thus forming a casing to the walls. I speak, of course, only of buildings executed at the expense of Government, or of wealthy public bodies; and, therefore, do not include the private houses and shops, which, in many cases, are made to assume an architectural character; nor even the theatres, for the most part; much less the "gin palaces," of whose luxuriance of ornament and showiness of general character, the most dingy regions of the metropolis can boast. Respecting the latter, and of the extension in general to private buildings, of architectural ornament, even though only executed in cement, or "compo.," I would suggest that they tend to improve the taste of our builders and workmen, by inducing them to regard the relation of different rows of windows, and the connexion of remote parts of a building, so as to form good general wholes; in opposition to cases where a small portion of decoration only being admissible, it was all used upon a small part of the building; and of the rest the proportions were neglected, from the attention not being drawn to it by ornament. Take, for example, the Bank Buildings, Cornhill, where, on casting your eyes upwards, from a good peristyle of columns on the ground floor, you discern an immense superstructure, utterly irrelevant to it.

AN ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTSMAN.

THE APPROACH OF HANNIBAL.

BANNERS that dare the sky,
And the sparkling light of spears,
Salute the Conqueror's thoughtful eye,
Unmoved by time or tears.
The flash of many a helm,
The sound of many a flute,
His lofty mind with pride o'erwhelm,
Until his lips are mute.

The echo of each shout
Thrills deeply through the air,
And trumpets breathe their voices out,
Like dying thunder there;
And the plumes that wave as free
As the mountain-pines around,
Increase the gorgeous pageantry
With which the hills are crown'd.

Blue are the fields of heaven,
And sunset's golden smiles
To the silver-mantled clouds are given,
As they float like fairy isles.
The warrior marks their gleam,
But they cannot teach his heart
That his hosts may fade like a transient dream,
And swift as their flight depart.

A hope fires every eye,
And flushes the languid brow,
And aspirations kindle high
In every bosom now.
The voice of the hero-chief
Is heard with its startling tone,
And the wanderer hushes his plaint of grief
To welcome that voice alone.

"Like a beauteous dream beneath
Is the land which our footsteps seek;
Sweet as the summer's fragrant breath,
And bright as an infant's cheek;
Beyond is the towering pride
Of Rome in its might ador'd;
But that shall sink like Tiber's tide
Beneath our conquering sword!"

The vow at the altar breath'd,
Still haunts his lofty mind:
Th' injunction which his sire bequeath'd,
Within his heart is shrin'd.
Away with the gorgeous host,
And away with the flutes before,
But Death, like a spectre, his path hath cross'd,
And He shall return no more.

G. R. C.

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The Naturalist.

THE AMERICAN BLACK SNAKE.

MR. G. ORD, of Buckingham, Pennsylvania, in a letter to Mr. Waterton, makes the fol-

lowing remarks on the black snake (*coluber constrictor*) :—

"When the black snake is first startled, he moves swiftly for a few feet, by a sudden spring, as it were; his speed afterwards is by no means extraordinary, inasmuch as a boy of ten years old could outrun him. With respect to man, he is entirely harmless; for, should he bite you, his little teeth occasion only a slight scratch. Recollect, he has no fangs. When you first lay hands upon him, he will seize you with his mouth, apparently in great anger; but his choler is of short duration; in the space of five minutes he will be as gentle as a pet kitten, and you may put him either into your bosom or your pocket with the utmost security. Of all our serpents, this species is, perhaps, the most useful to our farmers, in consequence of the immense number of mice which it devours, particularly field and meadow mice. One black snake in a barn would drive all the rats and mice from the premises. Explain all these things to our stupid farmers, and they would laugh in your face. 'What!' they would say, 'tell us of the utility of snakes! Do we not know that they frequently *chase people with great ferocity;* that their bite has been often fatal; that they sometimes coil themselves around the limbs of persons, so that it becomes necessary to cut them loose? Is it not notorious that they *suck the cows?*' I once pleaded with a farmer for the life of a poor black snake that he had pinned to the earth with a stick. 'I make it a rule to kill every snake that I meet with,' replied the barbarian: 'hang them, I hate, from the bottom of my soul, the whole race.' I wish, from the bottom of *my* soul, that that prince of mischief, Old Nick, had not taken it into his head to assume the appearance of a snake when he undertook to tempt our lovely but frail mother Eve: much of the prejudice against snakes, I am persuaded, has arisen from this circumstance. I have, from my boyhood, been in the habit of roaming on foot in various parts of our country; I have explored forests, swamps, and morasses, for hundreds of miles; and have beheld hundreds of black snakes in a state of nature; but never in one instance did I see them practise the reputed art of fascination; never did I see them chase a human being; never did I see them suck a cow; and never did I know them do the least injury, with the exception of an insignificant scratch, to any one."—*Mag. Nat. Hist.* ix., 416.

PLANTS GROWING WITHOUT EXPOSURE TO THE AIR.

Mr. N. B. Ward, in the *Companion to Curtis's Botanical Magazine*, (May, 1836,) says, in substance, that if plants are planted, in cases, in congenial soil, watered, and the water drained off, and the cases rendered air-tight in the glazing, and in every other part, they will, owing to the retention of the moisture in the case, grow for many months, and even years, without fresh supplies of water. The degree of developement to which the plants will attain, depends mainly, *cæteris paribus*, upon the volume of air contained within the case, and upon the quantity of light and solar heat received by the plants. Owing to the expansibility of the air by the action of heat, there must, with every change of temperature, be a corresponding change in the volume of air contained within the cases. Without such a variation, the plants would, in all probability, perish. Mr. Ward has appended two letters in testimony of the successful transportation from England to Sydney and Cairo, of plants conditioned according to these principles; and he thinks animals of the lower tribes, so conditioned, might be introduced to Britain from abroad.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.* ix., 448.

MOULTING OF THE SQUIRREL.

Mr. Blyth observes, of the squirrel, that in summer its fur is coarse, shining, and of a bright rufous colour, and the ears are deficient of the ornamental tufts, which grow in autumn, while the animal is renovating its coat, and continue, usually, till about the beginning of July, the time varying somewhat in different individuals. In winter, its fur is much finer in quality and texture, considerably longer, thicker, and more glossy, and nearly of a greyish brown hue. The first young ones, which are produced very early in the season, push forth the winter garb, which, I believe, they retain throughout the summer; whereas, the second race of young ones, which, for the most part, make their appearance about Midsummer, are first clad in the summer dress, which is exchanged, before they have become half grown, for that of winter.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.* ix., 395.

TRACES OF A LARGE BIRD.

Professor Hitchcock has recently discovered some fossil footsteps in the new red sandstone of the valley of Connecticut. The most remarkable among these footsteps are those of a gigantic bird, twice the size of an ostrich, whose foot measured fifteen inches in length, exclusive of a large claw measuring two inches. The most frequent distance of these large footsteps from one another, is four feet; sometimes they are six feet asunder.—*Oxford Herald.*

FIGHT BETWEEN A MISSEL-THRUSH AND A MAGPIE.

Mr. Waterton states that a tame magpie of his, having seized a hen missel-thrush, brought her close to some masons who were

at work; but the cock missel-thrush instantly came up and rescued his mate, by fighting the magpie until he made it let go its hold. "*Causa via conjux.*" It was to save his female that he advanced so undauntedly into the midst of his mortal enemies; nothing else could have induced him to face the danger.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.* ix., 412.

[For the five preceding Extracts, our thanks are due to J. H. F.]

Notes of a Reader.

ON BATHING.—BY DR. CULVERWELL.

The relative virtues of fresh and salt water bathing approximate so nearly to each other, that, whether resorted to for the purposes of luxury or health, the invalid who has experienced benefit from the one will surely do so from the other. For cleanliness and relaxation of the skin, and in many disorders of the same, the fresh-water bath has doubtless the superiority; but where employed for pleasurable purposes, or for the removal of some chronic internal ailment, sea-bathing carries off the palm. From the supposed bracing effects of salt water, it is generally believed that there is less fear of taking cold than after immersion in the spring or river water. Be this as it may, if persons take but ordinary precautions, not to bathe too long at a time so as to relax the frame, taking care thoroughly to dry themselves afterwards, and avoid lingering about in the damp or exposing themselves to draughts or currents of air, there need be but little fear of catching cold. Bathing, as a luxury or remedy in disease, has been practised from the earliest records, and was probably coeval with the first of mankind. Instead, however, of the practice advancing in the ratio of other refinements, it has retrograded, and in no country so much as our own. Within the last few years there has been a slight reaction; and it is earnestly to be hoped the progression towards its universal adoption will be as rapid as it has hitherto been slow.

Cold Bathing.

The effects of the application of cold water upon the body vary according to the constitution of the bather, and are also influenced by peculiarities of temperament, and the manner in which the bath is employed. If a person in the full enjoyment of health be immersed in the cold bath, and continue in it but a short time, the sensation experienced on emerging from the water is highly pleasurable; and, when the body is dried, a glow of warmth pervades the whole system, and the physical powers become refreshed and invigorated. Those, however, who practise bathing as a luxury, experience so much pleasure in plunging about in the buoyant tide that they seldom possess resolution to restrict themselves to the time which sound judgment would dictate; and, in consequence of a long continuance in a medium so much below the heat of the body, a reaction of the system does not take place; the skin becomes pale and contracted, and assumes the peculiar appearance termed *goose-skin*; the extremities appear to have lost their vitality, numbness and shivering ensue, the vessels on the surface of the body become evidently diminished in size, and the blood which flows through them is impelled towards the internal parts; the person feels drowsy and indisposed to activity; the natural perspiration is entirely suppressed, and catarrh and other disorders are induced.

Such are the effects of an injudicious use of the cold bath upon those possessed of robust constitutions. What, then, must be the consequences to those of more delicate frame, and especially to those in whom the most remote tendency to pulmonary affections exists? Active disease of the lungs ensues, and consumption hurries the patient to an untimely grave. The bad effects of an injudicious use of the cold bath are much enhanced when a person from timidity stands for a time upon the brink, or enters the bath by degrees, instead of plunging in at once. The sensation of cold is more striking; a convulsive sobbing takes place, succeeded by shivering, excessive languor, headache, nausea, and other distressing symptoms, which are frequently the precursors of incurable disease. When a person in good health plunges into the bath, the general application of cold to the surface of the body gives a shock to the system, the blood is forced from the superficial to the deep-seated vessels, and, on emerging from the water, the reaction of the blood to the surface is in proportion to the force with which it was driven inwards; and it is only when this reaction does take place that the cold bath can be beneficially employed. On the contrary, where the system has been debilitated by a great and continued exertion, or by disease, cold bathing is not only improper, but in the highest degree injurious.

It is a prevailing opinion that the cold bath should never be taken when the body is heated by exercise or other exertion; and it is customary with many persons, who find their bodies excited to a gentle perspiration, to wait for some time in a state of nudity, before they plunge into the water. This is an error which is productive of the most serious consequences; for the body, thus deprived of so large a portion of its heat, possesses no power to produce that reaction which is so essential, in order that benefit may be derived from cold bathing. The celebrated Dr. Currie of Liverpool, when he prescribed the use of the cold bath to any of his patients, invariably enjoined that active

exercise should be taken previously to immersion, thereby increasing the heat of the body, enabling it to sustain the shock, and producing a salutary and energetic reaction. The period best adapted for cold bathing is certainly the summer and autumn, when the temperature of the sea along our shores varies from 55° to 70°. Persons of vigorous constitutions, who have bathed during the season, may continue to do so through the winter, and even with advantage, but bathing cannot be commenced in the latter season with impunity. The time of bathing in the sea depends much upon the state of the tide, but it had best, if possible, be had recourse to in the morning, before or after breakfast. The advantage of bathing before breakfast, immediately on rising, is, that the body retains the warmth acquired in bed, and thereby, after a plunge, insures a reaction. If the bather be not strong, he had better wait until his system is recruited by the assimilation of his morning meal, which will be about a couple or three hours after it. The sea, of course, varies in temperature according to the time of day. On a sandy or gravelly shore the tide, of an afternoon, which flows over such an expansive surface, previously heated by a morning sun, will be many degrees higher than the morning tide in the same place. One or two dips or plunges are quite sufficient, on commencing the practice of cold bathing;—the power of reaction will thereby be ascertained, and the period of stay in the water may afterwards be regulated accordingly. The body should not be passive, and, if the bather be not a swimmer, he should at least imitate the swimmer's movements. It is at all times, even in health, dangerous to exceed ten or fifteen minutes' immersion. On quitting the water the body should be speedily dried, and no delay should take place in dressing. A walk afterwards is the best way to maintain the stimulus imparted by the bath. Cold bathing may be used every or every other morning, and should be persevered in for at least a month or two, if permanent good be desired from it.

A notion exists that some preparation is necessary previously to taking the cold bath, such as a dose or two of aperient medicine, or three or four warm baths. In some cases both may be requisite, in others neither. It is oftentimes, when a doubt exists, a mistaken economy to evade the opinion of the bather's medical friend. The diseases in which cold bathing will be found useful are indigestion and nervous debility, taking care to select the fit period of the convalescent state. A wider field of infirmities are candidates for the warm bath, which I now proceed to consider.

Tepid and Warm Bathing.

The temperature of the tepid bath varies from 85 to 95 degrees of the thermometer. The warm extends to 98° or 100°, and the hot bath is rarely employed beyond 112°.

The effects of the tepid bath differ but little from the cold, except that the shock of reaction is not so severe. When the heat of the bath exceeds 90°, and does not exceed 100°, the feelings are highly pleasurable. A gentle languor steals over the frame—the whole nervous system is soothed, and tranquillized—pain, spasm, or local irritation, if there be any, is for the while, perhaps permanently, removed. The temperature of the body corresponds comparatively with that of the bath, which, however, cannot with safety be carried beyond 112°. The warm bath increases perspiration, rendering the body, if the immersion be not long continued, considerably lighter; whereas, on the contrary, the tepid, or cold bath, promotes absorption, thereby adding to the weight of the body. The warm bath softens, expands, and relaxes the skin. Its more sensible effect is on the pulse, which it temporarily increases, but as the immersion is continued, the surface of the body warmed, and the nervous system accustomed as it were to the new stimulus, the circulation becomes equalized, the pulse resumes its natural heat, being probably only accelerated in proportion to the torpidity which previously existed.

Although it has just been stated that the warm bath promotes exhalation by the skin, thereby lessening the weight of the body, it evidently protempore increases the bulk. Rings on the finger, which in cold weather require keepers, in the warm bath can readily dispense with such companions. To recapitulate—the warm bath imparts agreeable sensations—allays nervous irritability—increases perspiration, and equalizes the circulation of the blood.

The most erroneous notions prevail respecting the uses and properties of the warm bath. To many persons, the idea of submersion in warm water on a summer's day would appear highly preposterous; but, if it be rationally considered, it will be found that the warm bath may be taken with equal, or perhaps greater, benefit in the summer than in the winter. During the hot weather the secretions from the skin are much increased in quantity, and consequently a greater necessity exists that it should be kept perfectly free from obstructions.

To those who doubt the propriety of using the warm bath in summer, it is recommended to try the experiment of immersion at a temperature of 98°. Though this is little above the standard heat of the body, it will at first appear much hotter; but, on emerging from the bath, the pores of the skin will be opened, the exhalent vessels will be excited into full activity, the superabundant heat of the body will be readily given off, and a pleasurable coolness will be experienced.

Another prevailing error respecting the warm bath is that it tends to relax and enervate the body; but experience has sufficiently proved the fallacy of the opinion, and many physicians prescribe its use to patients labouring under debility from disease, none of whom experience any such effects. On the contrary, all have felt invigorated, and most have regarded it as a means of restoring them to their former health and strength.

The warm bath is productive of highly beneficial effects in most cases of nervous irritability, and has also been used with advantage in cases of fever where the skin has been preternaturally hot, but where, from some affection of the lungs, or other unfavourable symptom, the cold bath was inadmissible. Many persons are deterred from using the warm bath, especially in winter, from the fear of catching cold; but this fear is groundless, for it has been found that the warm bath, by increasing the circulation on the surface of the body, renders it more capable of withstanding the effects of cold than it otherwise would have been.*

In concluding this subject I may offer the cautionary observation, that warm bathing will be productive of pernicious consequences when injudiciously used. The principal error to be guarded against is too long a continuance in the bath, especiallly at a high temperature. It is from this abuse that debilitating and relaxing effects have been occasionally experienced. In a general way the temperature should not exceed 98° to 100°, and the bather should not remain in it longer than ten or fifteen minutes. The most proper time for taking the bath, if employed medicinally, is between breakfast and dinner, about one hour after the former; but, if used as a luxury, or for the purposes of cleanliness, at the option of the bather.

Retrospective Gleanings.

HATRED.

Owen Feltham says:—Hatred in ourselves against others is but perpetual and long-lived anger, which ought never to last longer than the declining sun; but, continued, like heady wine, it intoxicates the brains and senses. He that nourishes hate in himself against any other person whatsoever, sows weeds in his own garden, that will quickly choke those flowers, that else he might take pleasure in. The feuds of families bubbled up at first from little, weeping springs, that any child with ease might trample over, that shewed all clear, and seemed to tell no danger: but, gathering as they creep and curl about, they rise to rivers past our fording over. Hatred, the eldest daughter of envy, and coheir with insultation, that delights in the adversity of another, and is troubled at their prosperity, inherits all the mischief that can arise from malice. No man that is drenched in hate, can promise to himself the candidness of an upright judge; his hate will partialize his opinion. He that is known to hate a man, should never be believed in speaking of him; if he speak well, he will be thought to dissemble; if ill, it will be taken as from malice, and the prejudice that he is biased with. And though this be fatally destructive in ourselves, yet it is much more dangerous when it flies upon us from others. A wise man will be wary of purchasing the hate of those, that, with prudence, he might make his guards: against the hatred of a multitude there is no fence; for neither wealth, nor wit, nor bands of armed men, can keep them safe, that have made themselves the hate of an enraged multitude.

There are four things that particularly generate hate: namely, pride, covetousness, perfidiousness, and cruelty. The proud man wishes to be thought infallible, when he is known to be a slave to some pitiful lust, and quite misled and erring; and though some, from fear or interest, may bow to him, yet the generous and wise must abhor to have one for their ruler, who cannot rule himself. Secondly, Covetousness.—This is so greedy to catch at all, that it pulls even hate along: a sordidness so cleaves to it, that disdain and scorn attend it. Whatever the covetous catches, he keeps a prisoner; so that neither himself will, nor any other can, make use of it. Hatred is as properly due to the covetous as affection is to the bountiful. Septimius Severus had not ventured to march to Rome, in quest of the empire, if he had not known his soldiers all paid, and Julianus hated by the people for his covetousness. Marcus Crassus, a Roman general, would never have had melted gold poured down his throat by the Parthians, but through the hatred occasioned by his avarice, turning the public calamities to his private benefit. A third and main procurer of hate is falsehood and perfidiousness: it is the highest cheat in humanity. A deceived trust exasperates affection into an enemy, and cancels all the bonds of nature: when we prosecute a deceiver and a violater of faith, we undertake the cause of all mankind. When a man grows once to be noted for a person of falsehood, every one will avoid his company: who is it that will not hate him, with whom it is not safe to live? Every thing is an enemy to him that is deceitful. Pausanias was but suspected to betray Lysander in the battle; and the people would not rest till he was banished from among them. Deceit is a thief in the night which steals upon us in the dark, when we think ourselves secure, and are not aware of either his way or his time. The next monster that calls up hate against us is cruelty, which is

ever ushered on with severity and rigour. He that hath not mercy to mitigate correction, excludes himself from favour when he fails: to be always strict and scrupulous is not conversation for man; it presently descends him into cruelty, which makes others avoid him if they can: it is not in nature that ever he should be loved. No man can love his tormenter, or him that would destroy his living. Nero, Caligula, Vitellius, and many more, afford us sad examples of the end of cruelty; and, above all, the unfortunate Andronicus, who met with more cruelty by the torrent of a popular hate than one would think humanity could either suffer or invent. To prevent the hate of others, is not to love ourselves too much: he that does so, becomes unrivalled in affection, and, at last, does love only that which all other men do hate. The best is, not to prefer our private before a generality; and rather to pass over trivials, than be angry at punctilios. He that minds his own affairs with moderation, and but seldom intrudes on the concernments of others, shall surely find less cause to hate, or to be hated; and may live in perfect tranquillity among all the rapacity and hatred in the world.

W. G. C.

Popular Antiquities.

SCULPTURES, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

This college was founded by William of Waynfleet, Bishop of Winchester, who was Lord Chancellor to Henry VI. The great quadrangle contains around its area, upon the summit of the buttresses, several grotesquely sculptured figures, some of which are represented below. They were generally supposed to represent nothing more than the creative fancy of the sculptor. But, towards the close of the seventeenth century, William Reeks, a fellow of the college, endeavoured to prove that they were designed to inculcate lessons of scholastic discipline. His MSS. upon the subject are preserved in the college library, of which we subjoin an abstract:—

Commencing at the south-west corner, first are figures of the Lion and the Pelican; the former the emblem of courage and vigilance, the latter of paternal tenderness and affection; both expressing the complete character of a good governor of a college; wherefore they are placed under the window of those lodgings which originally belonged to the president, as the instructions they convey ought particularly to regulate his conduct.

To the right hand, on the other side of the gate-way, are four figures, viz. the School-

(Antique Sculptures at Magdalen College, Oxford.)

master, the Lawyer, the Physician, and the Divine. These are ranged along the outside of the library, and represent the duties and business of the students of the house: by means of learning in general, they are to be introduced to one of the three learned professions, or else, as hinted by the figure with the cap and bells in the corner, they must turn out fools in the end.

On the north side of the quadrangle, the first three figures represent the history of David, his conquest over the lion and Goliath, teaching us not to be discouraged at difficulties, as the vigour of youth will enable us to surmount them. Next is the figure of the Hippopotamus, or River-horse, carrying his young one upon his shoulders. This is the emblem of a good tutor or fellow of a college, who is set to watch over the youth of the society, and by whose prudence they are to be led through the dangers of their first entrance into the world. The figure immediately following represents Sobriety, or Temperance, that most necessary virtue of a collegiate life. The remaining figures are the Vices, which we are instructed to avoid. Those next to Temperance are the opposite Vices of Gluttony and Drunkenness. Then follow the Lucanthropos, the Hyena, and Panther, representing violence, fraud, and treachery; the Griffin, that of covetousness; and the next figure, anger or moroseness. The Dog, the Dragon, and the Deer, flattery, envy, and timidity; and the three last, the Mantichora, the Boxers, and the Lamia, pride, contention, and lust.

New Books.

THE OAKLEIGH SHOOTING CODE.

[This seasonable volume is a reprint of a portion of a series of papers entitled "Nights at Oakleigh Old Manor Hall," which have already appeared in the *New Sporting Magazine*. It contains Hints on shooting red grouse, black game, partridges, pheasants, woodcocks, snipes, and hares; with many very pleasant notes, which were not published with the Hints. As far as our cognizance of such matters enables us to judge of the work, it appears to be replete with useful information to the shooter. We shall not, however, quote from this portion of its contents, but from the notes, premising that, although we cannot, in all cases, "go the whole hog" with Tom Oakleigh, yet we heartily acknowledge him to be a right pleasant fellow; and wish him many happy *noctes* at Oakleigh, on the Dove, dividing Staffordshire from Derbyshire.

Tom, we perceive, is a stickler for old times, and like one of Charles Mathews's old gentlemen, thinks we are losing all our amusements: here is a lament for the]

Decline of Shooting.

The palmy days of shooting, like those of the drama, appear to be gone by; those of the drama may return, for human passions and intellect, which may be said to constitute the drama's manor, still remain; but the wild, uncultivated tracks, in England at least, are fast disappearing, never to return, until pestilence or the sword shall again lay them waste. Moor after moor is inclosed—marsh after marsh is reclaimed—hill-side after hill-side is appropriated as the site of a mansion or village; the loveliest spots, unless they be the sternest and wildest and withal inaccessible, are first chosen; and soon there will not be a quiet valley, or an *unbricked* hill in the country. The grouse lands are already circumscribed by very narrow limits. The present generation may not live to hear of the total extinction of grouse in England; but the next will find few south of the Tweed: a little later and the Scot himself will be obliged to resort to Canada or Kentucky to find game that may be said to be *wild!* Natural scenery will be remembered only in painting and song; and people will wonder what Cowper meant when he wrote the line.

God made the country, and man made the town.

Where the forest was the admiration of their ancestors, they will see a country divided into compartments, like the squares on a chess-board, by orderly well-clipt fences; to say nothing of divers long chimneys and sundry other abominations. Sporting is degenerating into something like pigeon-shooting. Game is sold too: the shooter knows to a sixpence the value of the contents of his bird-bag. All these changes may be for the public good, the shooter therefore must not complain. The reflection that the present are golden opportunities, that we are enjoying a recreation in a manner which, in some thirty years of railway progression, would be deemed a princely luxury, ought to enhance its value in our estimation, and to make the sportsman and naturalist grateful that there are still woods and wilds; that there is still enough of external nature visible, to make us feel the difference between town and country, and to teach us to love the country for the country's sake.

[Now come we to a bit of the season:—]

Partridge-shooting in September.

"On the 1st of September partridge-shooting commences. Sportsmen have been busy seeing their dogs, guns, and ammunition put in preparation. As the day has approached, the spirit of anticipation has become vivid and anxious. Many a time have they reconnoitred, till they know to a rood where every covey in the neighbourhood lies, and of what number it consists. Many a time have they planned their first day's route, and enjoyed in imagination their sport."

So the approach of the partridge-shooting month is described by Mr. Howitt, in "the Book of the Seasons." The result of this preparation is that, when the 1st of September comes, with its bright stubbles and its harvest-homes, one continuous fire of small-arms is kept up—

From the white cliffs of Dover to Pentland Firth,

from sunrise till sunset! It is the tyro's, the pothunter's, and the game-vender's field-day. Not so much a day of sport as a day of slaughter. In some places you shall see shooters of all trades and grades, sportsmen, and poachers, one and all hurrying away over hedge and ditch, fence and fastness, charging, flashing, firing, whistling, to-hoing, and down-charging! A bird is caught by the apothecary's dog, the lawyer walks coolly up and bags the bird, leaving the man of medicine to ruminate on the fable of "the oyster and the shell." A covey is flushed, a race ensues—a steeple-chase—juvenescence, adolescence, and senescence contend for the goal. The covey is surrounded, the birds rise, and the air is pierced perpendicularly, horizontally, and transversely! The *cheepers* cannot bide the "pelting of the pitiless storm;" but tumble over in rapid succession, or are caught by the dogs! The shooters you meet with now, are a different race of beings from those you met with on the 12th of August; they are of a mixed and mongrel breed. Such are the shooters on land not strictly preserved. Elsewhere, "This is my fence, which you must not pass," is the order of the day; and we see no reason why any one should not preserve his game as well as the fruit in his orchard. The only game-preservers to whom we object, are the monopolists. An individual of this species may be ever seen skulking on the outskirts of his own land, where he apes the *gamekeeper*, or on his neighbour's territories where he apes the *sportsman*, killing his neighbour's game and preserving his own—a practice highly to be commended!

In September, partridges will generally be found feeding in stubble-fields from sunrise until about nine o'clock in the morning. When the day is clear and fine, they will be found basking from ten until three. The usual basking-place is a sunny bank-side, amongst rushes, fern, heath, potatoes, turnips, vetches, or beans, or under a tree, bush, or hedge. They return to the stubble-fields about four, and remain there until near sunset, when they go to their *juck* or *juking*-place. They will sometimes be found in stubbles about noon. In wet or foggy weather they will remain in the stubbles all day long. While corn remains uncut, birds will seldom leave it, except in wet weather, when they are driven out by the continual dropping: they, however, generally remain in the same field as the corn, and close to, and ready to run into it on the least alarm. Whenever birds are disturbed near a field of standing corn, the old ones will fly to it, and the young ones generally follow. During the early part of September, birds bask in potatoes or turnips, or on the side of a sunk or bank fence, adjoining or contiguous to the stubble in which they feed; but later in the season they more frequently bask at a few fields' distance from the stubble in which they feed.

"The places they (partridges) delight in most are corn-fields, especially whilst the corn grows, for under that cover they shelter, ingender, and breed; neither are those places unfrequented by them when the corn is cut down, by reason of the grain they find therein, especially in wheat stubble, and the height thereof they delight in, being to them as a covert or shelter. Now, when the wheat-stubble is much trodden by men or beasts, they then betake themselves to the barley-stubble, provided it be fresh and untrodden; and they will, in the furrows, amongst the clots, brambles, and long grass, hide both themselves and covies, which are sometimes twenty in number, or twenty-five; nay, I have heard of thirty in a covey.

"Now, after the winter season is come, and that these stubble-fields are ploughed up, or over-soiled with cattle, then do these partridges resorting to the upland meadows, and lodge in the dead grass, or fog, under hedges, amongst mole-hills, or under roots of trees, especially if any corn-fields are adjacent, or where grows broom, brakes, fern, or any covert whatsoever.

"In the harvest time, when every field is full of men and cattle, then in the day-time, you will find them in the fallow-fields which are next adjoining to the corn-fields, where they lie lurking till evening, and then they feed amongst the sheaves of corn, as also early in the morning." — *The Compleat Sportsman*, p. 233, 234 (1762).

[It need scarcely be added that to our country friends, Tom Oakleigh's *tome* must be an excellent practical companion. Within brick and mortar confines, the advantages to be derived from Tom's experiences may not be so direct: it should, however, be recollected that not to know anything of such matters is to be almost in as parlous state as the poor shepherd who had not been to court; and to eat game in ignorance is, at best, ill breeding, and betrays selfishness.]

TRAITS AND TRIALS OF EARLY LIFE.

(*Concluded from page* 122.)

[As a specimen of the prose, we extract the following from a tale, describing two children and an old sailor, on the voyage from India to this country.]

The young voyagers had not been above a week at sea before its good effects were apparent; both recovered their appetite, and Ma-

rion's little feet seemed never weary: long before her brother's shy temper would permit him to speak, she had made friends with every seaman on board. There are few boys but what are born with a love for a ship and a horse; and, thanks to the kindness of the old sailor we have mentioned, Frank was soon initiated into every part of the vessel, and his steps became familiar with the most dangerous parts of the rigging.

But no attraction, whether of amusement or information, ever diverted his attention from his sister. His eye seemed always upon her; he would give up any employment to attend to her want or wish: he would spend hours amusing her with her box of ivory letters; and not an evening passed but her sweet voice might be heard repeating to her brother her simple prayer and hymn. Already Frank showed a naturally mechanical genius; but even the carpenter's chest and company never detained him long from Marion, and the great aim of his ingenuity was to construct some slight toy for her. They had now been on board four weeks; and often did Frank wish his father could have seen the light step and bright eyes of the once pale and listless Marion. One evening, Frank came up from the cabin, where he had been soothing his sister, who was somewhat restless with the oppressive heat, to sleep; and took his usual post beside the old sailor, who, from the first had made him an especial favourite. Nothing could be clearer than the atmosphere, and the sea was almost as bright and motionless as the sky. Not a single object broke the mighty stillness; no fish were visible in the clear waters; no birds in the clear air; not another bark shared the ocean with their solitary ship. No wind was stirring, the sails hung loose and motionless, and the red flag drooped heavily from the mast. The sailors shared in the general tranquillity, and sat or stood round in silent groups; the oppression of the air seemed also on their spirits. The old seaman, to whom Frank had drawn, was leaning on the side of the vessel, gazing so intently on the distance that his young companion's approach was at first unobserved; when, suddenly turning round, he said, "We shall have rough weather soon, Master Francis." The boy looked on the shining elements around, as much as to ask where was the slightest sign of storm; when the sailor, answering to his gaze, pointed out a small, white cloud, or rather speck, which looked as if scarcely freighted with an April shower.

Francis turned pale, for he thought of his young and helpless sister. "Why, you wouldn't be only a fair-weather sailor, would you?" and, turning round, the old man began one of those tales of tempests met and baffled by naval skill and courage, which so delighted his youthful auditor. Nearly an hour elapsed, when the narrator was called away to his duty in another part of the ship.

The small, white cloud had now spread like a white and gigantic veil over half the sky, and an unequal and capricious wind was awakening the sails from their repose; and by the time the dinner hour came, little order could be preserved among the plates and dishes, which were soon scattered by a sudden squall.

Francis had been accustomed to employ the afternoon in teaching Marion her alphabet, and to spell various, small words; but to-day their studies were interrupted—neither could keep their footing a single moment; and, by the captain's directions, Marion was fastened in her cot, with a stout silk handkerchief round the waist, and the cot itself strongly lashed to the sides. It was a dismal time, for the waves now ran so high that the port-holes were ordered to be closed. Suddenly a deep and hollow sound rolled over the ship, and a faint flash glimmered through the darkness. That first peal of thunder was like a summons; the wind rose up at once with frantic violence; peal followed peal, and flash followed flash; and the trampling of the hurried steps overhead told of the anxiety and exertion going on above. Frank never for a moment left his sister, who, though too young for fear at their actual danger, was terrified at the unusual darkness and noise. A number of the men now came below; a sound of loosened chains was heard, and plunge after plunge into the waters. They had been forced to throw the guns overboard. Immediately came a tremulous crash, as of the falling of some heavy mass; the masthead had been cut away. Frank now fancied that the vessel seemed to reel less, but appeared to be dashing on with frightful velocity. The trampling overhead, too, abated, and the thunder ceased: it only made the fierce and howling sound of the wind more terrible. At this moment came the gleam of a dark lantern into their cabin; it was the old seaman; but his face was ghastly pale, and his features looked rigid; as if he had suffered from long illness. Francis saw no hope in his countenance, and he asked no questions.

"You have had no food for some hours: I have brought to you, poor things, some biscuit and a slice of ham."

Marion laughed with delight at the sight of the biscuit, for she was very hungry. Poor Frank put away the offered food; his heart was too full to eat, but he clasped the hand of the kind, old man, who now turned to go away; but Marion cried to go with him.

"It does not matter," he muttered; "as well above as here."

He then took the child in his arms, and,

Frank following with the lantern, they groped their way to the deck. They had not been there five minutes, before an awful shock told that their worst had come to pass—they had struck upon a rock. A cry of "boats! boats!" now arose; and the lanterns showed hurrying, and yet despairing, groups thronging to the side.

"Come, Michael!" said two sailors, rushing past. The old man made no reply, but seated himself on a broken fragment of wood, and placed Marion on his knee. Frank immediately took his sister's hand, and drew towards himself. "Michael, you must not stay with us. God bless you; but go."

"Go! Master Frank," said the sailor; "I have a boy your age at home, and for his sake, I will stay with you. God would desert him in his need, if I deserted you." The glimmer of a lantern amid the thick darkness showed that the last boat had pushed off. "And you have stayed here to perish!" And, for the first time, Frank gave way to a bitter flood of tears. Michael put his arm kindly around him, and said, "Do you remember the holy words you were teaching your little sister the other morning—'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you?'"

"Yes," interrupted Marion, "he taught me too, a new hymn yesterday; I will say it to you;" and she began to repeat one of Watts's beautiful Hymns for Children. She did not quite know it through; but the last two verses were singularly apposite to their situation:—

> There's not a plant or flower below,
> But makes thy glories known;
> And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
> By order from thy throne.
>
> Creatures (as numerous as they be)
> Are subject to thy care:
> There's not a place where we can flee,
> But God is present there.

"Our lives are in His hand, and it may be His will even now to save us: somehow, the words of this innocent creature have put hope into my heart:" and the old sailor turned his head to the east, where a dim streak told of the coming day. All know how rapidly the light of morning floods an eastern heaven; wave upon wave of fire kindled the ship, when Frank, who was looking in an opposite direction to his companion, clapped his hands, and exclaimed joyfully, "Land! Land!" About a quarter of a mile from the wreck, extended a line of coast, whose waving palms might be distinctly seen. Michael gave one look, and sank on his knees to return thanks to Almighty God for their wonderful preservation. They could now see all the bearings of their situation: their ship was jammed in between two rocks, both now visible; the one was higher than the other, and to its raising the head of the vessel whereon they stood, might be attributed their safety.

"And the boats!" exclaimed Frank.

"Perished! No boat could have lived through the sea of last night," replied his companion; and both remained for a few minutes gazing on the vast expanse of air and water, which still bore traces of their late convulsion. The sea heaved with a tremulous and unquiet motion, and the sky was covered with broken clouds. But there was no time for melancholy meditation: the wind, which had been gradually veering round, was now blowing full to land, and they were obviously under the necessity of taking advantage of its direction to reach the island with all possible speed. One rough gale would drive to fragments the frail wreck, which yet, had they but kept by it, would have saved the lives of so many. A chest, with carpenter's tools, had been lashed upon deck, and, of the planks and spars scattered round, they soon formed a slight raft. Great part of the ship was under water; but in the captain's cabin they found an ample supply of present necessaries. Wrapping Marion in a boat cloak, they fastened her to a large chest in the middle of the raft. The wind was in their favour, steady and gentle, and setting in directly to the shore. Their frail launch went steadily through the water; the low, sandy beach was easily gained; and, by ten o'clock, they had kindled a small fire, boiled some cocoa for breakfast, and Marion was asleep beneath the shadow of the knot of palm-trees which had first caught their attention, and under which it was their earliest task to raise a tent sufficient to shelter them from the night dews.

They soon discovered that their place of refuge was a small island, apparently quite uninhabited, and with no sign of any species of animal; but a complete aviary of the most brilliantly coloured birds. With the exception of the little knot of palm-trees where their tent was, that side of the island was a low, sandy beach, which, indeed, ran around it like a belt; but the interior was a fertile and beautiful valley; and Frank saw with delight tamarinds growing in great profusion—a species of the bread-fruit tree, the cocoa-nut, and some wild nutmegs; these last, however, imperfect for want of cultivation. The ground, and all the lower branches of the trees, were covered with the most luxuriant creeping plants, whose profusion of flowers Marion was never weary of gathering; and often, after having piled them up in heaps, she would be found a deep half hidden amid their bright and odoriferous blossoms. The first week passed in continual voyagings backwards and forwards to the ship, when, as Michael had foreseen, a rough gale blew one night, and, in the morning, there was

not a trace of the wreck. That very day, walking along the coast, Frank's eye was caught by a dark mass entangled in the seaweed: he drew it up by means of a hook. It was the gallant flag, that had once

Braved the battle and the breeze,

of the now perished Indiaman. He laid it carefully out on the sands to dry, and went to impart his plan to Michael. The knot of palm-trees was on the only part of the island whose height commanded a view of the sea; yet there it was impossible for them to fix their residence—fresh water, fruits, and shelter belonging to the other part of the island—and yet, from not being on the spot, a vessel might pass and repass unobserved; thus risking their little chance of escape.

Now it happened that the most conspicuous of the palms was a young and slender tree: this Frank proposed to climb, and affix to its height the flag, which would be as striking a signal as any they could raise. Even Michael shut his eyes, as the daring boy ascended, with the aid of a sharp hook and a knife, with which he cut notches, on which he rested first a hand, and then a foot, till at length he was safely lodged amid the spreading branches at the top. He then let down a rope, with a pebble at the end, which had been put round his middle: the flag was drawn up, and nailed to the summit in the most conspicuous manner; and then, fastening the rope firmly, he descended to the ground in perfect safety, and, we may add, satisfaction.

The Public Journals.

A CRUISE IN A JOLLY-BOAT.

(From Snarleyyow, an historical Novel, by Captain Marryat.)

Corporal Van Spitter, as soon as he had expended all his breath in shouting for help, sat down with such a flop of despair on the thwart of the boat, as very nearly to swamp it. As it was, the water poured in over the starboard-gunnel, until the boat was filled up to his ancles. This alarmed him still more, and he remained mute as a stockfish for a quarter of an hour, during which he was swept away by the tide until he was unable to discover the lights on shore. The wind freshened, and the water became more rough; the night was dark as pitch, and the corporal skimmed along before the wind and tide. "A tousand tyfels!" at last muttered the corporal, as the searching blast crept round his fat sides, and made him shiver. Gust succeeded gust, and, at last, the corporal's teeth chattered with the cold; he raised his feet out of the water at the bottom of the boat, for his feet were like ice, but in so doing, the weight of his body being above the centre of gravity, the boat careened over, and with a "Mein Gott!" he hastily replaced them in the cold water. And now a shower of rain and sleet came down upon the unprotected body of the corporal, which added to his misery, to his fear, and to his despair.

"Where am I?" muttered he; "what will become of me? Ah, mein Gott! twenty tousand tyfels—what had I to do in a boat—I, Corporal Van Spitter?" and then he was again silent for nearly half an hour. The wind shifted to the northward, and the rain cleared up, but it was only to make the corporal suffer more, for the freezing blast poured upon his wet clothes, and he felt chilled to the very centre of his vitals. His whole body trembled convulsively. he was frozen to the thwart, yet there was no appearance of daylight coming, and the corporal now abandoned himself to utter hopelessness and desperation, and commenced praying. He attempted the Lord's Prayer in Dutch, but could get no farther than "art in heaven," for the rest, from disuse, had quite escaped the corporal's memory. He tried to recollect something else, but was equally unsuccessful; at last he made up a sad mixture of swearing and praying.

"Mein Gott—a hundred tousand tyfels—twenty hundred tousand tyfels! Ah, million of tyfels!—twenty million of tyfels—I die of cold!" Such were the ejaculations of the corporal, allowing about ten minutes to intervene between each, during which the wind blew fresher, the waves rose, and the boat was whirled away.

But the corporal's miseries were to be prolonged; the flood of water was now spent, and the ebb commenced flowing against the wind and sea. This created what is called boiling water, that is, a contest between the wind forcing the waves one way, and the water checking them the other, which makes the waves to lose their run, and they rise, and dance, and bubble into points. The consequence was, that the boat, as she was borne down by the tide against them, shipped a sea every moment, which the wind threw against the carcass of the corporal, who was now quite exhausted with more than four hours exposure to a wintry night, the temperature being nearly down to zero. All the corporal's stoicism was gone; he talked wildly, crouched and gibbered in his fear, when he was suddenly roused by a heavy shock. He raised his head, which had sunk upon his chest, and beheld something close to him, close to the gunnel of the boat. It was a thin, tall figure, holding out his two arms at right angles, and apparently stooping over him. It was just in the position that Smallbones lay on the forecastle of the cutter on that day morning, when he was about to keelhaul him, and the corporal, in his state of mental and bodily depression, was certain that it was the

ghost of the poor lad whom he had so often tortured. Terror raised his hair erect—his mouth was wide open—he could not speak—he tried to analyse it, but a wave dashed in his face—his eyes and mouth were filled with salt water, and the corporal threw himself down on the thwarts of the boat, quite regardless whether it went to the bottom or not; there he lay, half groaning, half praying, with his hands to his eyes, and his huge nether proportion raised in the air, every limb trembling with blended cold and fright. One hour more, and there would have been nothing but corporal parts left of Corporal Spitter.

The reason why the last movement of the corporal did not swamp the boat, was simply that it was aground on one of the flats; and the figure which had alarmed the conscience-stricken corporal, was nothing more than the outside beacon of a weir for catching fish, being a thin post with a cross bar to it, certainly not unlike Smallbones in figure, supposing him to have put his arms in that position.

For upwards of an hour did the corporal lie reversed, when the day dawned, and the boat had been left high and dry upon the flat. The fishermen came down to examine their weir, and see what was their success, when they discovered the boat with its contents. At first they could not imagine what it was, for they could perceive nothing but the capacious round of the corporal, which rose up in the air, but, by degrees, they made out that there was a head and feet attached to it, and they contrived, with the united efforts of four men, to raise him up, and discovered that life was not yet extinct. They poured a little schnappes into his mouth, and he recovered so far as to open his eyes, and they having brought down with them two little carts drawn by dogs, they put the corporal into one, covered him up, and yoking all the dogs to the one cart, for the usual train could not move so heavy a weight, two of them escorted him up to their huts, while the others threw the fish caught into the cart which remained, and took possession of the boat. The fishermen's wives, perceiving the cart so heavily laden, imagined, as it approached the huts, that there had been unusual success, and were not a little disappointed when they found that instead of several bushels of fine fish, they had only caught a corporal of marines; but they were kind-hearted, for they had known misery, and Van Spitter was put into a bed, and covered up with all the blankets they could collect, and very soon was able to drink some warm soup offered to him. It was not, however, till long past noon, that the corporal was able to narrate what had taken place.—*Metropolitan.*

DELINQUENCY OF LONDON SHOPMEN.

(From the Life, Opinions, and Adventures of John Ketch.)

NEXT to the class of rogues who are so by fate, if I may use a term familiar to my ears in earlier life, none, in the more regular grades of society, add so much to our criminal calendar as the body of London shopmen.

If we inquire for the causes of this species of delinquency, we shall find that all parties participate in promoting the crime. There are no roads known to men which must inevitably lead to happiness in this world; but those which lead to "ruin and disaster," are broad and passable enough for all, among which, none is more apparent than a false and misdirected education—by education, I mean bringing up, for our education begins with our birth, nor ends until our dying day. The ambition of our fathers was to teach their children their own trade, or some similar one, corresponding to the same walk of life—to inculcate the principle of honest industry, as the only certain course to avoid disgrace, poverty, and a jail. But since the days of Pitt, who established in Threadneedle-street a gambling company, the whole of society have been diverted, and their steady and regular energies brought to operate, not as heretofore, in the pursuit of one lawful object, but in wild and chimerical schemes of adventure. The stories of the fortunes which have been made in modern days, by Bob Smith the carpenter's son, who was a genius, and being above his father's trade, went to London, and the Jack Joneses, &c. &c., who all did the same, are told and remembered in every parish throughout the kingdom. The honest mechanic, and the hard-working man, listens with attention to the history of some successful youth; and then looks round upon his family, and exclaims, "Times are sure *enow* altered. Tom, thee must gang up to Lunnun, and see if thee can't make a better man than thy father," addressing his eldest son.

"And why shouldn't I go, father?" says Bill, the next brother. "I'm sure I sha'n't stay at home to work like a negur, at our trade, if Tom goes to Lunnun, and is made a gentleman."

"No, no! it isn't fair," exclaims the mother, "to make flesh of one, and fowl of the other; I say, let 'em both go and seek their fortunes: who knows but they may come back with one as big as Squire Hopkins's? I heard say he was once only a shopboy: and from all I can learn, he's no mortal wonder of a genius."

Thus the tales, fictitious and real, of sudden rises in life, which have been so industriously circulated in print and otherwise, with a view of stimulating the rising generation to habits of industry, have, in reality, created a false taste, and a dangerous ambition, which occasions youth to break out of

the bounds marked for their sphere of action by birth.

It is said that only among one branch of shopmen, the linen-drapers, there are twenty thousand constantly out of employ in London, besides the new-comers, who are continually flocking into the market for employment.

Parents encourage their sons to abandon pursuits of handicraft to preserve soft hands, daily trim their nails, wear the best kind of clothes they can procure for show more than use, and ape the gentleman, without having a shilling, when they become young men, to give them; and then are perfectly astonished when they hear that they are in the hands of the law. Shopkeepers, on the other hand, instead of selecting steady and thoughtful young men, for assistants in retail shops, consider only exterior qualifications; choosing those possessed of personal advantages, and who, for lack of mental cultivation, are full of vanity, can lie with a grace, and talk nonsense to every description of customer which enters the shop.

Encouraged in their coxcombry and foppery in business—treated like the lowest menials in accommodations of board and lodging—suspected in point of honesty at every turn, and, in consequence, all confidence withheld—fenced and hedged round by every precaution, to prevent any act of embezzlement; and, under the present system, engaged not on a more secure tenure than an extra waiter at a Sunday tea-gardens, who may be discharged on the instant, to spend many months in idleness or in fruitless search for another engagement, what essentially good can be expected in the character of a class of men so educated and thus situated?

Superadded to these deteriorating causes among shopmen, we may mention also the strong desire for the enjoyments of pleasure ever shown by the weak-minded and frivolously-educated classes. There is also the effect that the modern mode of conducting business has generally upon the principles of the every-day rising classes in all trades and grades.

Formerly, if prices were not fixed, profits were pretty nearly so; but now, the shopman who can, by persuasion, falsehood, and chicanery, extract the most money out of the customer's purse, regardless of any known rules of fair dealing, he it is who is held in the greatest estimation by the employer. There is a theoretical conviction upon the minds of tradesmen, that they cannot reach the goal of wealth by any direct course, and therefore they seek it by an oblique one; practical illustrations are every day before young men, of the largest fortunes being made by means the most indirect. Goldsmith, in his essays, says, "The lovers of money are generally characterized as men without honour or humanity, who live only to accumulate; and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness." And I may add, the happiness of their fellow men.—*Metropolitan.*

MERCURY AND VENUS TEACHING CUPID.

(*From the British and Foreign Review*, No. 5.)

We quote a passage from Mengs, concerning this picture, (now in our National Gallery.) which may interest some of its numerous admirers.

"The Duke of Alba has a picture by Correggio, painted on cloth, with figures but little under the natural size, representing Mercury teaching Cupid to read, in the presence of Venus. This last figure is particularized by its having wings, and a bow in the left hand; it is of exquisite beauty; and it may easily be perceived that Correggio had the Apollo of the Villa Medici, which is now in Florence, present to his mind whilst he was painting it. The Cupid expresses all the innocence of his years; his hair is thick and admirably treated; his little wings are like the pinions of a young bird, in which you may still see the skin and the quills of the feathers. Whenever Correggio has painted wings, he has treated them as he has done in this picture, placing them immediately behind the shoulders, where they are so well united to the flesh, as really to appear like a member joined on to the upper part of the acromion. This made the Duke, the late possessor of the picture, observe to me, that if it were possible for a child to be born with wings, they could not be set on in a different manner. In general, the other painters who attempt wings, apply them with so little reflection, that they appear to be supposititious. Mercury is represented as a youth, not full-grown, and of a very simple character. This picture is undoubtedly an original, not only because the supreme excellence of Correggio is conspicuous in it, but it is distinguished by a remarkable change in the artist's original intention; the arm of Mercury was originally covered by a blue mantle, and a layer of colour was afterwards passed over it. I point out this circumstance, because a duplicate picture exists in France, without this correction, which may be a copy, or a *replica*. This picture was bought by an ancestor of the Duke of Alba, at the sale of Charles the First's pictures of London."—(*Mengs Opere*, vol. ii., p. 178.)

The Gatherer.

Swallowing Knives.—Dr. Marcet, in the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, 1822, relates the history of an English sailor, who, in imitation of a conjuror, whose tricks he had just witnessed, and in a drunken frolic, swal-

lowed several clasp-knives, and ten years afterwards, died in Guy's Hospital. Several most skilful surgeons examined his body with great interest and attention: to the astonishment of all, the blades of many knives were found in his interior, "some of them remarkably corroded and prodigiously reduced in size, while others were, comparatively, in a state of tolerable preservation." The knives are still to be seen in the museum attached to the Hospital.

Schooldom.—Nothing is more prejudicial to after-success in life than indulgence to youth when at school. The late Sir James Mackintosh felt and acknowledged this error. He tells us, that when he left school, he could only imperfectly construe a small part of Virgil, Horace, and Sallust: he adds—"Whatever I have done beyond has been since added by my own irregular reading. But no subsequent circumstance could make up for that invaluable habit of vigorous and methodical industry which the indulgence and irregularity of my school life prevented me from acquiring, and of which I have painfully felt the want in every part of my life."

Liston, Momus's god-son!—The comic John Liston once held the serious office of schoolmaster, (either principal or sub,) to the little blue-coated, leather-breeched, truffin-capped urchins of the anti-Malthusian parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Let your "mind's eye, Horatio," or rather gentle reader, whatever your name be, view Liston, *the* Liston, in his early manhood—pen in ear, and ruler in his nervous grasp, the presiding deity over one hundred pair of small leather unmentionables, and their pigmy wearers. O for the pencil of a Cruikshank! What was old Jupiter in Olympus, with his thunderbolt in hand, compared with youthful Liston, wielding that dreadful and dreaded ruler?

His look was then sufficient to make each little Geoffry Muffincap tremble in his "two-and-fourpenny shoes." How must that look have changed since then!—it now makes man, woman, and child appear "like laughter, holding both his sides."—*Metropolitan.*

City Business.—There are none in the world who so carelessly waste their energies, that is, their animal powers and spirits, in useless bustle and seeming business, as your Londoner does, especially those who enact their parts upon real Cockney land—the city. Without doubt there is much business transacted in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, but not so much as a stranger would infer from the activity of young citizens, many of whom are like little cur dogs—traverse over ten times more ground than is needful, and expend the greater part of their energies in running about without any definite reason. Most of the real business in the city is performed by a few, (as compared to the number seen in public,) who walk steadily along the streets to their houses of trade, and there remain throughout the day.—*Ibid.*

Unlucky Word.—The verb *to hope* is occasionally used by Shakspeare and other ancient authors not as meaning to wish for, but to expect. The following amusing instance of its being rather unfortunately used in the latter sense, is given by old Puttenham. "Such manner of uncouth speech," he says, "did the tanner of Tamworth use to King Edward the Fourth, which tanner having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraid he should be punished for it, said thus with a certaine rude repentance, 'I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow!' for (I feare me) I shall be hanged, whereat the king laughed agood, not only to see the tanner's vaine feare, but also to heare his ill-shapen terme."—J. H. F.

Dool Trees.—In the grounds of several old mansions in the west of Scotland are still standing what are called *dool-trees;* on the branches of which, tradition says, the feudal lords of the demesne used to hang their criminals. There are *dool-trees* at Blairquhan and Cassilis, both within a short distance of Ayr, and one formerly existed at Barganny.—See *Gardener's Magazine*, vi. 644., *Mag. Nat. Hist.* ix.—the wrapper.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

In Leeds Old Church.

Earth take my earth, Satan my sin I leave,
The World my substance, Heaven my soul receive.

To king and state, in spite of fate,
I have been true and just;
For all which pain, I shall regain
A crown that shall not rust.
I hope that I through faith shall fly
Where I shall speak and sing
The praises of the living God,
And Christ our heavenly king.

Mors patet, hora latet.

Short was my stay in this frail world,—
All's but a seeming laughter;
Therefore, mark well thy words and ways,
For thou comes posting after.

Ætatis suæ 19.

In Birstall Churchyard.

This is to the memory of old Amos,
Who was, when alive, for hunting famous;
But now his chaces are all o'er,
And here he's earthed,—of years fourscore.

Upon this stone he's often sat,
And tried to read his epitaph;
And thou, who dost so at this moment,
Shalt, ere long, somewhere lie dormant.

Rotherham Churchyard.

We joined was in mutual love,
And so we did remain,
Till parted was by God above,
In hopes to meet again. ANNE B.

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